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Cattle Growing in the West.

H. M. Taylor, agent of the department, makes a report in which he says that the climax of depression in this industry seems to have been reached; that the production of beef is decreasing, while the demand is at the same time increasing; in other words that while the population of the country and of the world, and the demand for beef are increasing, the production of beef is decreasing; and that the range area of the United States is growing less every year.

As to the benefit arising from the cattle-growing associations, he says: "The benefit to be derived from associations is not merely theoretical or speculative. Take, for instance, the Colorado Cattle Growers' Association, the oldest in the range country. Its usefulness has grown with every year of its existence. The record it has made stands as an unanswerable argument in favor of association effort. The cost of maintaining it has been merely nominal to its members, and it has profited the industry hundreds of thousands of dollars. Its members would go out of the business if they could not have the benefits obtained through its agency. What this association is to the stockmen of Colorado, the Range Association can be made to the stockmen of the entire range country. It is possible that there are yet stockmen who are too obtuse to grasp the situation, but it is as certain as anything can be that these men will not survive the attacks being made upon that business, and that but a few years will elapse when the cattle business of the plains will be in the hands of the men who have the intelligence to understand its needs, and the courage, manhood and liberality to do whatever is necessary to save it. As to feeding in the arid region he says:

"There is a growing tendency to utilize all of the available lands for irrigation, and the production of forage crops. Probably not more than one acre in 200 of the entire arid belt is susceptible of being brought under ditch with the hope of getting an ample water supply. But the increased quantity of feed this small area is capable of producing would be sufficient to winter feed one-fourth or more of all cattle now grazing on the great plains. In time a system of water storage may be developed so as to save the vast volume that now runs to waste, which will double the available supply. When this time arrives the risks of winter will have departed.

A Novel Scheme.

English Iron says: According to American contemporaries a large company, backed by the usual millions of dollars, has proposed to the United States Secretary of the Navy "a striking and possibly effective scheme for the defense of Philadelphia harbor, and the harbors of other cities from the attacks of an enemy's fleet by shooting ignited petroleum at the unfriendly ships from the bottom of the river and burning them up." The originators of the petroleum defense scheme have induced the American government to give directions for a preliminary examination of Philadelphia harbor, and a company has been organized to develop the plan and show its practicability. It is proposed to sink perforated iron pipes in the river bed, and the approaches to the harbor, through which petroleum can be forced to the surface of the river by machinery and at a high pressure. In this way a fierce stream of blazing oil can be sent down on the enemy's fleet to destroy it or drive it away. It is claimed by the projectors that a flame can be produced in this way as high as a ship's mast, and sent with terrific force on the attacking

vessels many miles from the point where the oil is supplied to the system of submerged pipes, and even iron vessels could not pass through this lake of fire, because it could be made to extend many miles along the river. An experiment in connection with the scheme is to be made at Fort Mifflin shortly, and great things are expected from the pending experiment.

Edward W. Keyes, a Walnut Grove Vaquero, Kills a Mexican.

Frank Raymond arrived in town last evening, from Walnut Grove, having in his custody a cowboy named Ed. Keyes, who shot and killed a Mexican, at an early hour on Thursday morning, a short distance above Peter Verdiers place on the Hassayampa. Keyes was interviewed at the county jail this morning by a Journal-Miner representative, but beyond stating, what every man in present circumstances would state, that he was justified in the killing he refused to tell anything of the causes leading up to the killing. From other sources it is learned that Keyes and the Mexican, who was a stranger and whose name could not be learned, had been at the lower dam of the Walnut Grove Water Storage company, and had come from there together. They had stopped on the road and had engaged in drinking and playing cards, and were apparently very friendly. This seemed to be the condition of affairs when they arrived at Peter Verdier's place and laid in a fresh bottle of whisky, and started away from there on good terms. They had not proceeded over half a mile when the tragedy occurred, being apparently the outgrowth of a drunken quarrel between them. Lark Pierce, of Walnut Grove, was with them at the time, and was the only witness to the affair. The Mexican was shot in the left side of the abdomen, the bullet ranging upwards. After the shooting Keyes returned to Verdier's place and told what he had done, and requested that some one take him to Prescott. His story was at first not believed, but a lantern was procured, and proceeding about half a mile above the store the dead body of the Mexican was found. F. Raymond, who was stopping for the night at Verdier's, consented to accompany him to town, which he did arriving as stated last night.

Keyes says he is a native of California, but that his parents reside in the Indian territory. He is twenty-three years of age, and claims to have lived in Walnut Grove about six or seven years, having been recently employed as vaquero for James Smith.—Journal Miner.

A Thrilling Adventure.

Harry Hartle of Boston, had a thrilling escape from instant death at Niagara Falls on the 10th inst. He was warned not to climb the ice mountain without creepers, but persisted in doing so, and told his guide that his services would not be required until his return. Just as he was about to plant his foot on the summit he slipped and fell headlong, bounding from one projection to another. He was precipitated into the waters, and disappeared for a time from view.

Tom Conroy, the noted guide, armed himself with a pike and started to the rescue. He leaped from one cake of ice to another and after falling into the water half a dozen times or more himself, he succeeded in rescuing Hartle, who was nearly dead from the shock of having been so long in the cold water. Hartle was taken to his hotel and will probably recover.—Examiner.

On the night of January 21st, the thermometer register 24 degrees below zero at Flagstaff.

The total indebtedness of Graham county is \$127,422.26.

Bill Arps' Story of Sam Jones.

Bill Arp tells this story of Sam Jones' part in Sherman's march to the sea, in the Atlanta Constitution: "Sam Jones and a few dare devils hung on their flanks and stole horses and mules most every night, and hid them away off in the swamps. Sam was nothing but a boy of sixteen, but they say that he stole over one hundred, and gave them all away to the poor people who lost their stock. You see he got some old blue Yankee clothes and put them on, and went about among the guards who had charge of the extra horses, and he made out like he was a Yankee, too, and he generally carried with him a bottle of whiskey and a deck of cards, and he got them drunk and gambled with them, and before morning he would have several of the horses and mules away off in a swamp. He was just as full of mischief then as he is now, though his mischief was of a different kind. He was fighting the Yankees then and he is fighting the old boy now, and there isn't so much difference after all."

She was too Much for the Devil.

A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time unless he could propound a question to His Satanic Majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which the devil with no trouble replied. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife appeared in the room with a bonnet in her hand. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed she laughed and said: "I can propound a question which the devil himself cannot answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet." The devil gave it up and retired in disgust, and the man was free.—Salem Gazette.

English and American Cattle.

The Mark Lane Express of London, England, contains the following concerning the cattle exhibits at Chicago and at the Smithfield cattle show at Islington, London: "It is interesting to investigate the relative average weights and gains per day of the prize-winners of the different ages. At Chicago eight steers, ranging in age from three to four years, had an average weight of 2,006 lbs. their daily gain since birth 1.59 lbs; at Smithfield 15 steers of the same age were shown with an average weight of 2,188 lbs, their daily gains since birth being 1.64. Fifteen two-year-old steers at Chicago scaled an average of 1,708 lbs, with a daily increase of 1.62 lbs, as compared with 19 head at Smithfield weighing 1,841 lbs, with a daily gain of 1.87. Fifteen prize-winners at the American show, varying from one to two years, made an average weight of 1,294 lbs, representing a daily gain of 2.09; at Smithfield on the other hand there were 18 prize animals of that age whose average weight amounted to 1,437 lbs, and whose daily increase since birth was a fraction over 2.14. These figures tell their own tale.

The Monrovia Messenger says: The tin mine, of which mention was made two weeks ago, promises to be a bonanza to the owners. An assay of the mineral proves that it is a fine quality of tin, and the extent of the deposit is practically inexhaustible.

The Schoolmaster was Dead.

A stranger about 25 years old entered a Woodward avenue drug store the other day and asked to see a city directory. He could not find the name he was after and finally inquired if the druggist had ever heard it.

"Why, bless you, the man has been dead two years," was the reply.

"Is that possible? He was an old schoolmaster, wasn't he?"

"Carried his head on one side, didn't he?"

"He did."

"Always looking around as if to catch some boy whispering or cutting up?"

"Yes; I often remarked the habit."

"Well, if he is dead that ends it, I suppose," sighed the stranger, as he closed the book.

"You had business with him?"

"I had. I came here from Attica, N. Y., on purpose to lick him. Twenty years ago he taught school there and I was one of the pupils. One day I passed a note to the girl I loved and the old man caught me at it. He got the note and read it aloud to the school, and then feruled the girl and tanned my jacket. I promised her to live to lick him. I was ready to do it ten years ago but he came west. It was only the other day that I heard where he was. I come on to find him dead."

"And would you have licked him?"

"Most assuredly, and then made him beg my pardon besides. I've thought over it, and dreamed of it, and licked him in my mind's eye a thousand times, and now I am too late! It's hard luck—very hard luck. I might as well start back to-night."—Free Press.

Lummis Shot.

A telegram was received this morning that Charles F. Lummis, who has been writing descriptive articles about New Mexico for eastern papers, was shot last night at Isleta, in the face and head with buckshot, and the wounds are serious. The telegram stated to send a physician immediately, but a later dispatch countermanded the order. No particulars regarding the shooting has been learned.

Later—From another dispatch it is learned that Lummis was shot at a station on the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, and got on a train to come to Albuquerque. On reaching Isleta he became too exhausted from loss of blood to come any further. At this writing it is thought that he is dead.—Albuquerque Citizen.

Petrified Wood.

The wonderful petrified forest lying south of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, near Holbrook, is one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the West, and has frequently been described. The petrified logs, stumps and chips cover many hundreds of acres, and the stone is of incomparable beauty. Some of the Colorado or Yellowstone agates, the Mexican onyxes or the most gorgeous marbles look shabby beside it. Its only drawback is its hardness. While Colorado agates average only 40 to 50 per cent of the hardness of diamonds, this petrified wood averages 70 per cent. It cuts glass readily, is not "phased" by the finest file, and yields to nothing short of diamond dust. A great many attempts have been made to polish it, but its fearful obstinacy has baffled the lapidaries.—Exchange.

The following fact was demonstrated by the experience of the late unpleasantness: "During our civil war city-bred men stood long marches better, were subject to less disorders and recovered gunshot wounds more readily than country-bred men."

How She Went to Bed.

She was alone and a passenger on the Chicago Express which left the Grand Central depot at 6 p. m., says the New York Sun. Her quality was not made apparent until within fifty miles of Albany. Then it became evident that she regarded comfort as superior to the proprieties every time.

Her berth being prepared, with a look of quiet determination she stood up and drew the curtain behind her, not close enough, however to embarrass her movements. Off came her waist; then she stepped out of her dress skirt, and folding both neatly, stowed them away. Next, her corset came off. Then she pinned a shawl about her shoulders, threw aside the curtain and came forth. Reaching her bag she secured comb, brush, handglass and proceeded coolly to arrange her hair as was her wont in her own boudoir.

Thus far the men in the car had done their duty by looking the other way; but they gave it up when she deliberately took out her hair pins, removed an elaborate switch to a hook at the side of the berth and combed it out carefully. This done she folded it up put it away, got into bed, took off her shawl and in ten minutes was asleep. Then the men went into their own compartments lighted fresh cigars, passed round the flask and wondered who might be the unfortunate possessor of such a woman.

Stop My Paper.

After you get angry and make up your mind to stop your paper to make the editor feel humiliated, just poke your finger into a bucket of water and then look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you have missed. The man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support, ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back he will find out that half of his friends didn't know that he was gone. The other half didn't care a cent, and the world at large hadn't kept any account of his movements what ever. You will find things you can not endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible, the hundreds of presses would still go on printing them; and if you were to stop your paper and call the editor all sorts of ugly names the paper would still be published. And what is more, you'll sneak around and borrow a copy every day from your neighbor. It would be much better to keep your subscription paid a year in advance.—New York Star.

The cross-breed buffalo is the latest innovation in live stock. The domesticated buffalo promises to be the most profitable live stock of the future. An able article in the American Agriculturist for December describes the only two herds of domesticated or cross-bred buffalo in America, and is accompanied by illustrations of the cross-bred buffalo steer, cow and calf, with which is contrasted the native animals. The advantages and pecuniary profit from the cross-bred buffalo are very great. A cross with the Gallo-way will make a very fine robe, which will sell at thirty dollars. The half-bred animal is much heavier in the hind quarters and more beefy than the aboriginal buffalo. The hair is somewhat longer and thicker on the hind quarters and less dense on the shoulders in the half-breed, which adds to the value of the robe. The meat commands a fancy price, and breeding animals are not to be had for any money.—Ex.

The Tribune says that a good many counterfeit five-dollar pieces are in circulation at El Paso. Look out for them.

The Tenderfoot.

Zan Hickland, a pioneer of the Greenhorn, was much of a wag in his day and enjoyed tantalizing timid people and tenderfeet. We remember one night while stopping at his house how sick he made a couple of tenderfoot agents of the government who had just come out to look after Indian affairs. They, too, had halted to eat and sleep at the Hickland mansion. In those days mire host on the Greenhorn kept a murderous looking Mexican as hunter, who would go out into the hills and kill deer, antelope or bear to supply his master's table. On occasion we speak of he had brought in the hind quarters of a royal black-tail deer, and a part of it had been cooked for supper. When all had been seated about the table for a few moments and eating had commenced in earnest, one of the tenderfeet was heard to ask of the other in a whisper, "What meat is this?" Just at that juncture the villainous looking hunter, with his clothes besmeared with blood, passed through the dining room.

Zan, in a surly tone, saluted him: "Gabe, you villain what meat is this you have brought in to-day?"

"Buck, sir," said Gabe.

"You scoundrel. Didn't I tell you to get a squaw? What do you mean by such conduct? Now pack your duds and leave this ranch immediately."

Just then one of the tenderfeet was observed to hastily take something from his mouth and chuck it under the table, while the other leaped to the door and unloaded his stomach in a hurry. Fried Indian was too much for them and they cast it up.—El Paso Tribune.

A Los Angeles press report of the 1st inst. says; John Sevenoaks, one of the oldest mining men in the country, and at one time owner of the famous Homestake mine near Leadville, has been in the city for the past few days and left this morning for Harqua Hala, the new gold fields above Yuma, Arizona. Mr Sevenoaks has been there and is full of confidence in the new camp. He takes with him six 6 mule teams and fifty men to develop some claims there belonging to Senator Hearst.

From the number of stovepipe hats in town, one is led to believe that times have changed in Arizona in the past three years. A few years ago a man's life was jeopardized by indulging in any such vanity. Now, however, it is not an infrequent occurrence to see several of these head ornaments on the streets at one time. The question arises, does the cowboy, who formerly looked upon a tile as a target for his pistol respect it more now, or is the country loosing its nip?—Tombstone Prospector.

Not only the entire press of Arizona, but the people of the Territory generally, agree with the Tombstone Epitaph when it says: "One important piece of legislation that should be attended to this Winter is the repeal of the law requiring only the posting of legal notices in three places in a county. A law should be passed requiring the publication of all legal notices so a litigant may have a chance of knowing whether or not a suit has been brought against him."

The bones of the mastodon recently unearthed by some pioneer miners near Salmon Falls, Idaho, are on exhibition at Shoshone. Its ribs are nine feet long, and the whole mass of bones is estimated to weigh 3,000 pounds.

General Benjamin Butler is a slave to the weed. Some days he smokes as high as twenty cigars a day. No wonder he is nervous and troubled with insomnia.